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A
COLLECTION
OF
SONGS AND POEMS
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY
ISABEL PAGAN.

But a' the whole tract of my time,
I found myself inclin'd to rhyme:
When I see merry company,
I sing a song with mirth and glee.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED BY NIVEN, NAPIER & KHULL,
TRONGATE.

1803.



COLLECTION
OF
SONGS AND POEMS.

Account of the Author's Lifetime.

I WAS born near four miles from Nith-head,
Where fourteen years I got my bread;
My learning it can soon be told,
Ten weeks when I was seven years old.
With a good old religious wife,
Who liv'd a quiet and sober life;
Indeed she took of me more pains
Than some does now of forty bairns.
With my attention, and her skill,
I read the Bible no that ill;
And when I grew a wee thought mair,
I read when I had time to spare.

But a' the whole tract of my time,
I found myself inclin'd to rhyme;
When I see merry company,
I sing a song with mirth and glee,
And sometimes I the whisky pree,
But 'deed its best to let it be.
A' my faults I will not tell,
I scarcely ken them a' mysel;
I've come thro' various scenes of life,
Yet never was a married wife,

On Burns and Ramsay.

Now Burns and Ramsay both are dead,
 Although I cannot them succeed;
 Yet here I'll try my natural skill,
 And hope you will not take it ill.

You know their learning was not sma',
 And mine is next to nane at a';
 Theirs must be brighter far than mine,
 Because I'm much on the decline.

I hope the public will excuse
 What I have done here by the Muse;
 As diff'rent men are of diff'rent minds,
 My metre is of diff'rent kinds.

The Putting Begins.

Tune—*Bright Phoebus.*

Now the putting begins, if the weather holds clear,
 I hope C——ng——n will shortly come here,
 With dogs and attendants the muirfowl to try,
 I wish they catch many, that they be not shy.
 Haste away, haste away, haste away,
 It is far more for pleasure than gain;
 May friendship and bravery,
 And freedom from slavery,
 Their Honours maintain.

The brave Sir J—n M——ll, last year with him came,
 A man of great honour, that well loves the game;
 They took up their lodging here at Hunter's hall,
 Their generous conduct is well known to all.

Haste away, &c.

Likewise Captain M——ll was with them last year,
 But I fear he'll be absent, there is now such a steer
 With both King and Country, at present, you know,
 Which makes many a brave Captain abroad for to go.

Haste away, &c.

The brave Sir J—n M——ll, a knight of great fame,
 Could get plenty of game on his estates at hame;
 But yet he delights to Muirkirk for to come,
 Himself to amuse with his dog and his gun.

Haste away, &c.

C——ng—n has lands where the covey more strong,
 On Duckken and Karnsmuir as you walk along;
 Much more he possesses on his large estate,
 Tho' he is humble and kind, yet his honour is great.

Haste away, &c.

But to his lands in Muirkirk he delights for to come,
 To hunt the young muirfowl, and enjoy the fun;
 I know little of hunting, but this I am told,
 The game is but dull when the feathers are old.

Haste away, &c.

But I wish they may a' get such birds as they want,
 For in Muirkirk I doubt they be but very scant,
 For there's so many poachers, that how can they shun,
 But to spoil the whole game, and hurt gentlemen's
 fun.

Haste away, &c.

But I hope Captain M——ll he will come good speed,
 For he's a fierce shooter, and shoots without dread,
 And loves aye to range where he thinks the game
 best;

I'm sorry he catch'd some that was in the nest.

Haste away, &c.

I wish that my judgment could clearly express
 These gentlemen's bravery, I can do no less;
 They're humorous and humble in every degree,
 And every man's honour is humility.

Haste away, &c.

My name is Pagan, I liv'd at Muir-mill,
 My learning's so weak, how can I speak with skill?
 But yet I take pleasure these verses to sing,
 Success to the hunting, and God save the King.

Haste away, &c.

A Hunting Song.

Tune—Neil Gow's Lament for his Wife's death.

O WOES my heart when I think on
 These happy days of ours,
 When C——ng——n and Sir John
 They hunted on the moors.
 And Captain M——ll, that brave youth,
 He was with them also;
 But woes my heart, he's laid in clay,
 To where all flesh must go.

M——g——y now has ta'en the moors,
 A nobleman, you know;
 Since honour has call'd him away,
 He chearfully did go;
 And left the pleasures at Muirkirk,
 In putting time the fun,
 A better sportsman, as I hear,
 Scarce ever bore a gun.

But, O, if wars would turn to peace,
 The Colonel would return,
 And every lad enjoy his lass,
 Kind hearts would cease to mourn.

So we shall hope 'gainst woodcock time
 To see his Honour yet,
 To fright the poachers off the moor,
 That have no right to shoot.

One W——a from Tarbolton came,
 With him I'm not acquaint;
 The birds were swear to catch for him,
 Although they were not scant.
 Some say he is a gentleman,
 At least a parson's son,
 But Fortune did not favour him,
 Three times he brake his gun.

Now I've rejoic'd in putting-time
 These twenty years and more,
 But as I'm now on the decline,
 It makes my heart full fore.
 There's few that's great for me enquire,
 That is in state of wealth,
 But two young gentlemen from Ayr,
 Who caus'd me drink their health.

I thank'd them kindly for their glafs,
 They gave it with good will,
 For they were cheerful in the house,
 And hearty on the hill.
 They sent the rum like water round,
 To shew a generous part;

There's none came to the moor this year
That had as free a heart.

Long may they live, and happy be,
And ay to mirth incline,
And I be spar'd I hope to see
Them both 'gainst putting-time.
I hope they will call at my door,
As they expect some fun,
And I'll repeat these lines to them,
How W——a brake his gun.

Mr. T—r's Lament for the Loss of his Comrade.

To the foregoing Tune.

W^{AS} on my heart, my comrade's gone,
And sore against my will,
On the thirteenth of August last,
He left me at Springhill.
All in the prime of fowling-time,
When game appear'd full bright,
He suddenly was call'd away,
All in the silent night.

For honour he did not refuse,
His heart was kind and free,

Most grief he had to leave this place,
 Was Ladykirk and me;
 Because we had been comrades dear,
 And long together were,
 And many chearful nights had spent
 About the town of Ayr.

But since he's gone, I troubled am,
 I cannot happy be,
 I think I must a lady wed,
 To bear me company.
 While we enjoy our wealth at home,
 With peace and unity;
 While my dear comrade, when abroad,
 May face his enemy.

'Tis a pity that this gentleman
 Was call'd so soon away,
 For sure he shot thirteen birds
 Ere nine o'clock a-day;
 His ammunition still was good,
 His gun mark'd wondrous sure,
 A better shooter, I declare,
 Ne'er hunted Walwood moor.

Were I to tell his properties,
 You'd scarcely credit me,
 He had the most refined wit,
 That ever I did see;

How prudently he could behave
 In every company,
 And often did delight himself
 In his humility.

But since he's gone, there is no help,
 I must contented be,
 You know that dangers great attend
 Those that do sail the sea.
 May Providence attend him still,
 And may his life long spare,
 And send my comrade, Quintin, safe
 Home to the town of Ayr.

The Spinning Wheel.

Tune—*Locheret fide.*

WHEN I sit at my spinning wheel,
 And think on every station,
 I think I'm happiest myself,
 At my small occupation.
 No court, nor freet, nor dark debate,
 Can e'er attend my dwelling,
 While I make cloth of diff'rent sorts,
 Which is an honest calling.

Indeed ye know the nights are lang,
 And sometimes I do weary,
 But, as they'll shortly turn again,
 I hope I'll grow more cheary.
 I'll sing a song with noble glee,
 And tune that I think canty,
 But I sing best, it is no jest,
 When the tobacco's plenty.

I live content, I pay no rent,
 In my quiet habitation,
 For B——e he did order it,
 Which shews his great discretion.
 To favour one so low as me,
 While I was no relation;
 But now he's dead, and in the clay,
 I hope he's won the blessing.

M'A—m brave, agrees to this
 Kind, honest disposition,
 He's charitable, just and true,
 Not like most men of fashion.
 I have no reason here to fret,
 That I was never married,
 Since I a free possession get,
 Of freedom I'm not wearied.

For when around me I do look,
 And see the merchants dealing,

B

For they do triple profit take
 For every thing they're selling;
 For honesty is grown so weak,
 It is so old a fashion,
 'Tis not regarded in our day,
 'Tis scarce throughout the nation.

Kind Providence sent a good crop
 For to support our nation,
 But Satan's crew sent it abroad,
 Which is a sad vexation,
 That e'er such blackguard vagabonds
 Should have a habitation
 Below our British government,
 That takes this occupation.

The Gear and the Blathrie o't.

OWILLY hast thou mind since thou gave me thing
 hand,

To send me some lines which I did of thee demand,
 Because that I am poor I fear you have forgot,
 And would marry for the gear and the blathrie o't.

Some they do marry for riches in store,
 But wisdom and virtue are what I value more;

If riches is the motive that makes you tie the knot,
You will soon curse the gear and the blathrie o't.

Some they do marry for a grand equipage,
I think it is madness in simple young lads;
Tho' I be young myself, yet I rather would be shot,
Or I would marry any clown for the blathrie o't.

My Peggy is the riches that I do adore,
If I can get Peggy I value no more;
Altho' she is the lassie that wears a plaiding coat,
May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't.

Tho' my Peggy has no scarlets nor silks to put on,
She envies not the monarch that sits on the throne,
For I found in Peggy's arms such a pleasant knot,
I despis'd a' the gear and the blathrie o't.

Tho' my Peggy has no servants at all at her command,
She can toil with her foot and work with her hand;
When wearied, rest is pleasant, you know, in any
spot,
May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't.

Unto the church we will never complain,
We're hearty, tho' poor, let us sink, let us swim;
To the church we'll never complain, tho' not worth
a groat,
May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't.

For I value Peggy as I do my life,
 With pleasure I will toil, were she but my wife,
 And we will live together right happy in our lot,
 We value not the gear and the blathrie o't.

S O N G.

Tune—*Campbells is coming.*

THE Duke of Gordon's fencibles,
 They're handsome here in Cumnock town;
 And at Muirkirk a party lies,
 For to haud the reformers down.

They're decent, I can say no less,
 For any thing that I do see;
 And well they set the Highland dress,
 Although they're bare aboon the knee.

Captain S——h, that gentleman,
 O his behaviour's very good,
 Tho' he should kiss a bonny lass
 And who can say that that is rude.

Lieutenant C——n I have seen,
 I think he is a decent man;
 I give this song a Highland tune,
 They are an ancient Highland clan.

And Ensign G——n I have seen,
 His countenance is kind and free;
 Although he is a gentleman,
 He's grac'd wi' great humility.

And their musicianer, T——m S——w,
 I think he's decent, blythe and young;
 I vow he plays his trou ——
 Although he has the Highland tongue.

The maids in town and country round,
 Gallants with them with right good will;
 They love to dance the soldier's jig,
 And swear they love their soldier still.

There's one call'd F——r I have seen,
 A verse from me he may expect,
 One night at Cumnock fell late,
 A lafs convoy'd me near Affleck.

And F——r she did take with her,
 To crack to her as she gaed hame,
 And as his kilt was short before,
 Think ye he wad na —— her wame.

The soldiers they like Cumnock best.
 Their sweethearts there they're swear to want;
 And at Muirkirk they are more shy
 Because the colliers are not scant.

Now them that lodg'd at Avandale inn,
 They do not like their lodging well,
 For they pay boarding very dear,
 They feed them with the beggar's meal.

Now these lines I will conclude,
 My song made out I will go hame;
 The road's not far, the night is good,
 This I will sing, and gang my lane.

But Providence the wars would cease,
 That chearful hearts would dance and sing,
 And every lad enjoy his lass,
 And love his country and his king.

*Remarks on Evil Speakers, who would not live
 at Peace.*

HEARD ye ever tell of girning gude,
 And venom Jean his wife;
 'Tis well known in the neighbourhood
 They're daily raising strife.

Their cursing, swearing and deceit,
 'Tis more than can tongue can tell;
 If they do not repentance get,
 This is the way to hell.

And brimstone Mary in the tool,
 Her tongue gives never o'er;
 If she were horn'd like bull or stot,
 She would us a' devour.

Now, gude forgive me for this crack,
 If I thought it were wrang,
 For that on such I'll turn my back,
 And sing a merry sang.

A New Song.

Tune.—Fain to follow me.

THERE came a bold hero of late from the west,
 Unto the moorlands where he thought the pouts best;
 And as on the road he did chance for to see
 A pout and pursued it to the Lumagee.

When at Bellapath he had a fine chance,
 Being of a stout heart, he did boldly advance,
 His powder was quick, and the shot he let flee,
 Tho' he could kill nothing at the Lumagee.

But discretion oblig'd him her meal poek to bear,
 Expecting new favour, put him in good cheer;
 He could not enjoy that which made him turn back,
 To hunt thro' the planting at night in the dark.

He is a brave shooter wherever he goes,
 He loses much powder, tho' not with his foes;
 If he wants ammunition, if a pout he does see,
 He will surely remember the old Lumagee.

These lines I will conclude, and lay down my pen,
 Lest these simple verses should any offend;
 The clash of the country tells many a lie,
 But M———y was surely at the Lumagee.

Muirkirk Light Weights.

IN Muirkirk there lives a taylor,
 He scrimpit weight for greed of filler;
 He scrimpit weight, he counts not fair,
 Till he's made three hundred pounds and mair.

The year the sugar has come down,
 Three pounds give less nor half-a-crown,
 And a' the dealers round about
 Came to the taylor in great doubt,
 Whether to hang themselves or no.
 Some said they would, and some said no;
 Some said, I think we will set a day,
 We'll fast and sigh, and read and pray,
 Perhaps the gods will please that well,
 If we turn to them, frae the de'il.

The taylor said, with heart right fair,
 I fear for me God will not care,
 For I within my coat do wear
 Ten thousand curses every year.
 There's something I'll confess and tell,
 Beside me I do keep a mell,
 And now and then my weights do hit,
 And whiles break aff a gay wee bit.

The oldest dealer he did say,
 What will be said at the last day?

The taylor said, ne'er mind the last,
 If we can but make money fast;
 There will be large allowance gaun
 For every dealer in the land.

Then every one thought to themself
 'Tis good for us to keep a mell,
 So they struck & their weights right fair,
 Some broke off less, and some broke mair.
 This practice did so long prevail,
 Till poor workmen were like to fail.

Some told the Dean of Guild of Ayr
 That Muirkirk weights they were not fair;
 To try the same was his intent,
 The standard to Muirkirk he sent.

The day was short, the road was wet,
 For depute, he employ'd C——t,
 Who thought it was his only chance
 To seize the merchants all at once,
 And bring them all unto one place,
 And do them justice to their face.

O man, it was a pleasant sight,
 The works of darkness brought to light.
 How bravely I their names could tell,
 Who had been busy with the mell;
 But this at present, I will spare,
 And hope they will do so nae mair.

Thanks to the gentlemen and judges that were there,
 I'm sure they acted honourably, no person they did
 spare;
 Long may they live, and happy be, and aye to good
 inclin'd,
 And aye when 'tis convenient, their standard they
 should mind.



An Observe on Extortioners' Wives.

IT happen'd one night, late at een,
 That two or three wives they did convene,
 And their design it was, I hear,
 For to raise a' provisions dear.

Lady extortion she was there,
 And she sat as preses on the chair,
 And to her friend she did apply,
 To raise the milk and butter high.

They say she sells her milk o'er dear,
 And mixes aye with fountain clear,
 Regards not what men say till her,
 If she can get the poor folk's filler.

Some greedy wives that liv'd near by,
 That had wee farms, and keepet kye,
 Unto her measures did comply,
 To raise the milk and butter high.

A mistress, with a feeling heart,
 She spake, and took the poor folk's part,
 Said she, provisions are so dear,
 I will not raise my milk this year.

A mistress old, whose head was gray,
 To those extortioners did say,
 Before I have the poor folks curse,
 I'll rather wear a lighter purse.

For fourpence is a desp'rate catter
 To take for milk mix'd up with water;
 I'll rather give six pints for a groat,
 Than get a fail in Satan's boat.

*Lament for the Herring.*Tune.—*Langolee.*

WOES me for the herring that stand in the barrel,
 They're short in the fish, and they cannot well sell,
 The people that see them, they make it a quarrel,
 Indeed they're o'er many to keep to my sell.
 If the merchant had known that he is a cruel villain,
 And after this, from me he'll ne'er get a shilling,
 If they do not sell, I'll send them back till him,
 And punish him for that, if in Glasgow he dwell.

I will not blame J — h, for he is my well-wisher,
 He'll do me no more harm, than he'll do himself;
 But, O, 'tis a pity, he look'd not the herring,
 I'm sure he'll be troubled when he hears tell.
 My friends in Muirkirk, they're a' very sorry,
 All but taylor S—l, as 'tis that scolin's glory:
 The loss will be mine, to conclude the story,
 And black is my heart, if the herring don't sell.

*The Laird of Glenlee.*Tune.—*Langolee.*

MY name is J—k M—r, I care not who knows it,
 For I am the laird of the lands of Glenlee,

And I am the man that can parritch and brose it,
 And drink strong liquors, if you'll keep me free.
 I J——y M——r, was there e'er such another,
 I'm laird of Glenlee, Lord Justice Clerk's brother,
 And twenty fat wethers, like rabbits I'll smother,
 And eat them myself at the mill of Glenlee.

Religion's a whim, I know nothing about it,
 Its principles never were studied by me.
 My belly is an idol, and if you dispute it,
 Its altar is in state, at the mill of Glenlee,
 Where thousands of victims I yearly do offer,
 To know if there is any devotion a proffer,
 That twice in the year, to the gold of my coffer,
 When I lift the rents at the mill of Glenlee.

It is a long time since my kyte was disform'd,
 And handsomeness it is a stranger to me;
 My head's like a bull's, if it were as well horn'd,
 It would fright all the cows on the mill of Glenlee.
 My belly's so big, with the weight of my paunches,
 The grease of my sides hangs over my haunches,
 I'm render'd unable to kiss the fair wenches,
 Which makes me lament at the mill of Glenlee.

I'm render'd unable for the pleasures of Venus,
 And nothing like that is a pleasure to me,
 With eating and drinking I nourish my genius,
 I feed like a swine at the mill of Glenlee.

C

Behold, when I'm dead, they'll say there lies a fat one,
 Another cries out, and drunkard and glutton;
 Let them say what they will, I'll devour my lov'd
 mutton
 With greed, while I live at the mill of Glenlee.

*A Letter to a Gentleman on the Death of his
 Pointer.*

SIR, be pleas'd thir lines to read,
 I fear they make you sad,
 Your pretty little pointer's dead,
 For he the snifters had.

As soon's we knew he was ta'en bad,
 We quick a doctor brought,
 He gave him phyfic of the best,
 I'm sure he wanted nought.

We did all that we could for him,
 In every respect:
 And to prevent his trouble first,
 We bled him in the neck.

When I heard that he was ta'en bad,
 O, but I was wae,
 For when he was from old Gabbens spain'd,
 He in my bosom lay.

He was a chearfu' bonny beaft
 As ever I did see,
 He never did his nurse forget,
 But still was kind to me.

When I remember at the door,
 How he did loup and play,
 A week his trouble was right sore,
 Died on the Sabbath-day.

A Love Letter.

I you desir'd my bosom friend,
 Now if you can think it so,
 Pray yield all pleasures to my mind,
 And make much happiness to flow,

Sure its decreed by the pow'rs above,
 As I'm now oblig'd to think,
 We'll lay aside all flattering words,
 And close in love's embraces link.

What though envy and lying tongues,
 'Gainst you their utmost forces bend,
 And some makes money all their hope,
 While love, you know's, a lasting friend.

When absent from your company,
 'Tis great uneasiness to me,
 But hope again makes love remain,
 I'm still rejoicing thee to see.

At night when I go to my rest,
 Thinking to get some sweet repose,
 Your image still is with me there,
 Sweeter far than any rose.

But yet far short of the sweet joys,
 That love's embraces now have press'd,
 In thy soft arms to be enclos'd,
 And there in silence sleep to rest.

I will guard thee round about,
 Myself, I'm sure, shall be the door,
 And if thy heart chance to steal out,
 I vow I'll never love thee more.

Though father fret, and mother scold,
 Although that all my friends should frown,
 All that I have thou art sure of,
 And well may think it all thine own.

I have not time to make more rhyme,
 So well's my judgment could express,
 But I am thine, and heart and mind,
 Sincerely hope the Lord will bless.

If you'll be true as I'm to you,
 So shall you find me evermore,
 I add no more, but so I rest,
 Sincere your true love and your dear.

Aughlen Spring.

Tune.—*Buab aboon Traquair.*

GIVE ear to me of each degree,
 Pity my lamentation,
 The youth I lov'd is gone from me,
 Which causes great vexation.
 He is design'd to share his fate,
 Out o'er the trackless ocean,
 He's cross'd the sea, and gone from me,
 When love was in the blossom.

Near Aughlen spring where birds do sing,
 While he was here beside me,
 I had no fear while he was near,
 Whatever might betide me.
 I'll visit aft the hawthorn tree,
 Where calmly first he told me,
 Fine tales of love so comely,
 Whiles round he did enfold me.

His handsome shape and manly wit,
 His love refin'd and tender,
 Superior far, I vow and swear,
 To the wealth of Alexander.
 And I myself, for want of wealth,
 Was frown'd on by his mother,
 But for his sake I'll single live,
 And ne'er wed any other.

O! may the powers preserve him still,
 And keep him safe from danger,
 His eyes from viewing youthful toys,
 His heart from every stranger.
 But if that Fate do favour him,
 That he advance in treasure,
 And soon return, I'll cease to mourn,
 Renewing former pleasure.

Hunting of the Shaw

Tune—*John a' Bodie's Lie.*

THREE Gentlemen a hunting came,
 They were both brisk and braw.
 All day they hunted on the moor,
 And quarter'd at the Shaw.

M——ry and C——ll was
 As I heard people say,
 But L——n had the fairest face,
 And bore the gree away.

J——s C——ll's coat was grown thread-bare,
 M——ry's coat was green,
 And L——n he was clad in white,
 Which made him shine at e'en.

They hunted a' day on the hills,
 As it doth well appear,
 And how they did when at the Shaw,
 Listen and you shall hear.

There was a piper play'd to them,
 His name was W——m B——n,
 And sure the lasses did rejoice,
 Whene'er they heard the sound.

As they went up by the Dublaire,
 They did make no delay,
 They never waited to call there,
 Because the lass was gray.

They pitch'd their tent above the Shaw,
 Upon a bonny green,
 Said L——n, I'll be ne'er the house,
 For I'm for sport at e'en.

L——n came down near to the Shaw,
 For to choose his bed,
 The very place that he did choose
 Was an auld midden-stead.

Though L——n be a gentleman,
 He is not nice indeed,
 For he show'd great humility
 In the auld midden-stead.

They saw three muir-pouts at the Shaw,
 When they up there had gaen,
 Though in the morning they seem'd wild,
 At night they grew right tame.

J——n H——t was the only man,
 That did find out the pout,
 For J——y to the kitchen went,
 And brought the lasses out.

Good wife, said John, your daughters must
 Dance with these gentlemen,
 O John, said she, I trust to you,
 You'll see them get no harm.

Indeed, said John, they'll get no harm,
 But dance a reel or twa,
 And I'll return them safe to you,
 An honour to you a'.

M——y and the lasses danc'd,
 ' So bravely on the green,
 Said L——n, I will see the sport,
 For me I will dance nane.

True it was he did not dance,
 To put you out of doubt,
 But he upon a hay-stack sat,
 And dealt the drams about.

He did not choose to dance with them
 While music it did sound,
 Though it below his honour was,
 He fill'd the glasses round.

Then he took Tibby by the hand,
 And gently they sat down,
 And he gave her as much, they said,
 As paid her tartan gown.

M——y did with A——s dance,
 While L——n was in the tent,
 A compliment to her he gave,
 The value was not kent.

'Tis auld C——ll he did stand by,
 'Till a' the game was done,
 Said he, auld men turns out o' date,
 I'm turn'd like an auld moon.

M——y is a handsome man,
 A captain of renown,
 The lasses like to dance with him,
 In country and in town.

Because he knows the music well,
 He is a dancer fine,
 The lasses like to dance with him,
 Because he keeps the time.

M——y's man came out at last,
 Of dancing never sweer,
 Said master, if it be your will,
 We'll a' be pouters here.

We had fine sport upon the hill,
 Whereas the hawks did flee,
 But a' we did when at the Shaw,
 Ne'er ane shall ken for me.

Captain L——n he rode up next day,
 When a' the game was done,
 Said he, I hope I'll dance a jig,
 Though I absent was the 'ftreen.

Now fortune it had favour'd them,
 These lines may let you ken,
 They'll dance no more with servant lads,
 If they get gentlemen.

Next to Muirkirk they took their flight,
 Designing there to hunt,
 The lasses they did all prove shy,
 As they were not acquaint.

But had it been their chance to come
 At Michaelmas, or Yule,
 They might have gotten pouts anew,
 When at the dancing school.

M——y curs'd and bann'd the fate,
 That to Muirkirk he came,
 If that he had staid at the Shaw,
 He might have got more game.

The pouts that is into Muirkirk,
 They a' so full are grown,
 They'll neither tak for net nor hawk,
 And scarce are on the ground.

M——y made a solemn vow,
 If he came back again,
 He wou'd lift his gun, and try to shoot,
 Although he should kill nane.

For to acknowledge this as truth,
 I hope you'll not refuse,
 If any thing is said amiss,
 I humbly beg excuse.

Muirkirk March.

IT was near the first of the new year,
 James and Tammy took their way,
 Jamie ow'd him twa auld kine,
 And Tammy swore he should them pay.

CHORUS.

James and Tammy, sure and canny,
 To Muirkirk they took their way,
 Jamie ow'd him twa auld ky,
 And Tammy swore he should them pay.

My family does me upbraid,
 And they have told me that the day,
 That I must bring the money hame,
 If it be atween clod and clay,
 James and Tammy, &c.

The d—l, B——ie, he is come,
 And he has caus'd me meikle woe,
 My rent I must go pay the morn,
 Halloo, says Tammy, here we go.
 James and Tammy, &c.

Jamie turn'd a corner round,
 And Tammy he stood fidging by,
 He cry'd, come button up and go,
 And quickly pay me my twa ky.
 James and Tammy, &c.

'Quickly I could pay your ky,
If I could get but what's my own,
For I want about Muirkirk,
Aboon the sum of sixty pound.
James and Tammy, &c.

The Muirkirk wives they got a fright,
They thought they heard a kettle-drum,
As they gaed raging up the road,
Halloo, says Tammy, here we come.
James and Tammy, &c.

At last they march'd up to Glenbuck,
And James told him at Lancake's door,
That he could get no money there,
Which grieved Tammy very fore.
James and Tammy, &c.

James met a friend upon the road,
And Tam stood craving at his back,
And he lent him a five pound note,
And Tammy girn'd and laugh'd at that.
James and Tammy, &c.

James and Tammy, sure and canny,
Down the road they took their way,
Jamie got the money there,
And partly he did Tammy pay.
James and Tammy, &c.

D

A Letter.

SIR, be pleas'd these lines to read,
Pray take it not amiss,
And, if you please, I wish to know
How Captain L——n is.

For he was cheerfu' on the moors,
With music in his heart,
And with his money I am sure,
Was never swear to part.

I thank you for your bottle, Sir,
But woes my heart its dry,
'Tis in your power to fill't again,
The next time you come by.

It is my lot to live my lane,
And sometimes I think lang,
Sometimes I do amuse myself
With making of a song.

Were I in power to publish them,
To be sung when I'm dead,
And while I am upon the stage,
Might help to merit bread.

Let this be shown to Lady Kirk,
That noble hearted chiel,

God blefs him and his family,
I thank him for his meal.

Sir, by misfortune of a dog,
Old chucky loft her life,
Disturbed Robin's family,
Especially his wife.

'Deed I'm afraid she'll break her heart,
Sir, I maun let you ken,
For aye when I see her she cries,
Alas! the old muir-hen.



Snuffy Peter.

Tune—*Broom Befoms.*

I'LL tell you of a story that happened at the tool,
All the drunkard's glory's in a flowing bowl,
Well done Peter, never let it out,
Light the wax candle, beg your snuff about.

One night as I went up unto the hay-stack hill,
I met with a merchant, and he gave me a gill,
Thank you kindly, merchant, we'll not drink it out,
We'll leave a drap to Peter, he'll soon hing about.

In comes Watty Bell, he was something fou,
 He was not himsel', yet bought a stug horn'd cow,
 Well done, Watty, may she be luck to you,
 She's a muckle price, though not a bonny cow.

Watty Bell the smith, he curs'd, tho' meant no harm,
 Though he has walth o' pith, he cannot polish iron,
 Woes me Watty, that you cannot do it,
 Let Peter light his candle, and help to strike it out.

In came snuffy Peter glowing very wide,
 He says, come cease your singing, the noise I cannot
 bide,

Woes me, Peter, that you cannot do it,
 You wou'd rather hear the music of a German flute.

If Peter is not bonny, his conduct is not bra',
 Some folks they leave nothing, Peter licks up a'.
 Thir lines I will conclude, and I may tell't wi' shame,
 If I had been less at the tool, I would been more at
 hame.

I've ta'en a resolution, happen as it will,
 'Tis better late to thrive than never to do well,
 Dear snuffy Peter, ye shou'd marry me,
 And if ye winna tak' me, ye may let me be.

B——'s Death.

I Lately heard that B——y died,
 O death! it did him sting,
 Some said oppress'd the poor man's purse,
 His money for to bring.

Was sure to hear the poor man's cry,
 He thought could not repent him,
 Which made his fame go far and near,
 To more than ever kent him.

Some will be sorry for his death,
 Some will be well content,
 Some glad, and say he'll ne'er come here,
 To lift brave St——'s rent.

A gentleman in England born,
 And died at Tinneldown,
 If he has fought the fight of faith,
 He sure has gain'd the crown.

Now since 'tis certain that he's dead,
 I'm sure he'll never mudge,
 I would fain hope his soul's at rest,
 Though 'tis not mine to judge.

*A New Song.*Tune.—*Foot's Minute.*

ALL women of fashion,
 Give ear to my notion,
 I pray give attention
 To this my new song,
 Concerning a young man
 That lives in this country;
 With beauty and honour
 His fame I will crown.

It would take me long time,
 To describe all his beauties,
 Yet with pen and paper
 I will make them bright;
 For I do know women
 Of different stations,
 That does in his company
 Take great delight.

Yet he is more prudent,
 And keeps at a distance,
 And sees no pleasure
 In those that are wed;
 But if he would marry
 He might be more happy,
 Than them that is rich,
 And thinks they're more bred.

For wisdom and prudence
 Is better than riches,
 We have a good author,
 'Tis Solomon's word:
 I hope this young man
 Will make choice of virtue
 Before all the riches
 The earth can afford.

Ye know Alexander
 Had plenty of riches,
 Yet wanted contentment
 The same to enjoy:
 This young man is youthful,
 And very good natur'd,
 And reads much in history,
 His mind to employ.

What tho' he's well mounted
 And goes in the fashion,
 Yet still keeps a distance
 From those that's profane:
 Could he guard his eyes
 As he can do his passion,
 His mind were more easy,
 The truth I maintain.

I'll not take the freedom
 To mention his lasses,

It would be too much boldness

For me to do so:

Suppose 'tis no evil,

I'll not tell my reason,

I speak as a friend,

And I'll ne'er be a foe.

O Sandy, lad, what struck your head,

When ye were here yestreen,

And ran awa' in sic a haste,

And would not crack to Jean.

Aye when ye see a bonny lass,

Ye never should her shun,

If you do not love their company,

Ye surely will get fun.

If you shun every company,

You'll never get a wife,

Like me ye'll wander up and down,

And live a single life.

A return of thankfulness for past Favours.

WHEN I sit in my cottage,

I may be well content,

The Lady she is kind to me,

The Laird will pay my rent.

God blefs his honour while he lives,
 Grant him a happy end :
 I wifh that all his family
 Their days in grace may fpend.

A New Song.

Tune.—*Lord Leslie's Daughter.*

THERE lives a lassie near hard by,
 Her name I need not tell,
 If I had tell'd you how she acts,
 You would surely ken yoursel'.

She is her mammy's dawty,
 And takes a fore knee,
 And when she likes it mend again,
 As people tells to me.

She drest herself in fine attire,
 Wi' ribbons and braw gowns,
 With scarlet cloak and high crown'd cap,
 And ribbons at the crown.

A velvet hood she borrowed,
 Let her do what she can,
 For a' that ever she can do,
 Yet still she wants a man.

She need not be so very proud,
 If she but kent herself',
 Her father only made the graves,
 And likewise rang the bell.

Her mithers she's a hen wife,
 And gathers hens and eggs,
 Wi' beggit pieces up and down,
 Gars her have such stiff legs.

I would not have meddled wi' this heap,
 If she had let me be,
 But one time at New Cumnock,
 I thought she slighted me.

But tit for tat she got for that,
 To help to raise her fame:
 I will not bear her company,
 If I should gang my lane.

As for the gowns that she does wear,
 There twa of them I trow,
 Her petticoats are very scant,
 But one that's casten blue.

But trading is not yet cry'd down,
 'Tis truth, I do not joke,
 She'll do a will-she for a groat,
 To help to buy a coat.

*A New Song.*Tune—*Killmen's Joy.*

ALTHOUGH I have no company,
 Yet cheerfully I'll sing,
 I hope M'——m will won the plea,
 Good news to us to bring.
 The work it has been dull this while,
 But now its got a turn,
 Well may he prosper in his way,
 Long may his ~~eyes~~ kills burn.

+ *lar*

CHORUS.

Rejoice ye colliers, all rejoice,
 Cheer up your hearts and sing,
 The fine appearance of the coal,
 To us great honour bring.

Altho' the colliers they rejoice,
 The merchants they may mourn,
 They'll get their cash at twa weeks' end,
 Which is a clever turn.
 For money is better than company's lines,
 By which men are opprefs'd,
 If you get your money in your hand,
 You'll war't as you think best.

Rejoice, &c.

See how he treats his men this day,
 Which shows a lib'ral part,
 I wish them well where'er they go,
 That has a gen'rous heart.
 Rejoice ye colliers all with me,
 Cheer up your hearts and sing,
 You'll get your cash at twa weeks' end,
 Will praise and profit bring.
 Rejoice, &c.

A dinner for the children he
 Provided cheerfully,
 And serv'd the table to the same,
 The like I ne'er did see.
 You need not think where such a crowd,
 They all well pleas'd would be,
 But the grateful part they did confess,
 It was humility.
 Rejoice, &c.

A pity that this gentleman,
 Should come so far from hame,
 And leave his Lady and family,
 And not the plea have won.
 But Providence hath favour'd him,
 As you may plainly see,
 There such appearance of the call,
 I hope he'll won the plea.
 Rejoice, &c.

Now there is an agreement made,
 But how I cannot tell,
 The company is made to yield,
 And fore against their will.
 Rejoice ye kiln-men with me,
 Cheer up your hearts and sing,
 Makes wives and children join the glee,
 And gare carantable ring.
 Rejoice, &c.

A New Song on the Times.

Tune — *A' airts the wind can blaw.*

LET Britain's subjects now rejoice,
 Since peace and plenty's come,
 It is not drink nor music's noise,
 Nor beating of a drum.

But thankfulness it is requir'd,
 With humble heart sincere,
 Since Providence has been so kind,
 As take pity on the poor.

Ye know its two long years and more,
 The poor's been fore oppress'd,
 And dealers who had ought to sell,
 They try'd who could get most.

E

Rejoice the markets has come down,
 Half price they will not get,
 Extortioners may join and mourn,
 None of them I'll except.

Ye justices and gentlemen,
 Ye sure have a great charge,
 In time of need unto the poor,
 Your charity enlarge.

If widow, or the fatherless,
 Goes hungry from your door,
 You scarce a blessing can expect,
 If you neglect the poor.

And what you give, take my advice,
 Give cheerfully away,
 You'll get it sevenfold restor'd,
 I hope, some other day.

When world's trash is of no use,
 Will stand you in no stead,
 Nor knife and fork at beef or pork,
 At any table head.

For my part I am hearty still,
 And ne'er fought charity;
 But I'll regard them while I live,
 That has been kind to me.

I cheerfully enjoy myself,
 Never frets for world's wealth,
 Contentment still shall be a feast,
 While I enjoy my health.

Skit on an auld Huntsman.

I Knew a sportsman that was auld,
 His taste it was but sma',
 If he got clothes to keep him warm,
 He minds not to be brow.

He rave his wallet and made breeks o't,
 The Bible broad before,
 A restless tenant dwelt within,
 Yet had a holy door.

Shepherd's Lamentation.

Tune—*Pike Scots measure.*

A DIEU you hills and mossy plains,
 And bonny woods where mufic reigns,
 You chanting birds and harmless sheep,
 That on the mountains fly and bleat.

●f you, I think, I'll take my leave,
 Another man my plaid may have,
 The winter storm has been so fore,
 Which makes me think I'll herd no more.

To lose my time, and hurt my health,
 Makes no addition to my wealth,
 But I'm resolv'd more free to live,
 Contented with the loss I have.

'Tis not the loss that I endure,
 But one thing here I mourn for more,
 That is the sad offences given,
 Makes every man his loss sustain.

For each man ought to search the word,
 To find what Scripture does record,
 And if he reads he'll plainly see,
 That sin's the cause of misery.

When I am musing on the hill,
 With melancholy thoughts am fill'd,
 That harmless sheep they suffer'd have,
 For men's offences that they gave.

Tho' now I shall go leave this place,
 I hope to me 'tis no disgrace,
 There's one thing makes me to lament,
 I mourn for youthful time that's spent.

Some advises me to stay,
 They're sorry that I go away,
 And some that scarcely lets me know,
 Will be more sorry if I go.

Sometimes I think the years will mend,
 And the bad seasons have an end,
 But I thought that before this time,
 Yet they continue still the same.

I took my leave to go away,
 They caus'd me to return next day,
 They could get none to take my post,
 To keep the sheep from being lost.

They could get none to wear my plaid,
 Altho' that they some search had made;
 At last they did prevail with me,
 By adding more sheep to my fee.

Since they advise, advice I'll take,
 See what another year may make,
 Perhaps the loss I may regain,
 That formerly I did sustain.

On Glenmuir banks these lines were made,
 Where I have pleasure had and pain,
 I hope you'll not despise my theme,
 Although my learning is but lame.

*M'Lellan's Lament for his Master's Death.*Tune.—*Flowers of the Forest.*

ALL men of every station now hear my lamentation,
 I am now so sorry, but little I can say,
 I had the best master that ever I served,
 But Providence lately called him away.

Let us all be learning, and daily take warning,
 For time and its moments will make no delay,
 The rich is not spared, because of their greatness,
 For all that is breathing must go to the clay.

While he was in health, we were cheerful at Well-
 wood,

The garden was pleasant, the fountain ran clear,
 And had he been spared that was my noble master,
 I would not have left him the incoming year.

The poor they will miss him, for he had their blessing,
 'Tis very well known he was kind to the poor,
 And those that are grateful will surely mourn for him,
 For never one hungry he sent from his door.

The colonel is absent, for which I am sorry,
 I heartily wish for his speedy return,
 He was with him householder, and a chief companion,
 When he hears the news, he will certainly mourn.

Adieu Nether Wellwood, for we must go leave you,
 And we must be scattered all here and there,
 Sometimes we'll be thinking upon one another,
 And that friendly lady that we served there.

God blefs his fucceffor, and well may he prosper,
 I wifh he may thrive for the good L——n's fake,
 Altho' he was humble and kind to the poor,
 There were both knights and lords him their equal
 did make.

Adieu to my neighbours, I'm forry to leave you,
 Yet happy it is at this time of the year,
 I would been more forry, had it been in fweet July,
 When beautiful flowers in the garden appear.

A New Love Song, with the Answer.

I Have travell'd the country both early and late,
 My travels were many, my sorrows were great,
 I courted a fair maid who did me difdain,
 She often deny'd me, but I'll try her again.

I own that her parents they were very rich,
 As I am not their equal it troubles me much,
 But will you leave father and mother alfo,
 And thro' the wide world with your darling love go.

O Johnny, dear, Johnny, love, that will not do,
 For to leave my parents, love, and go with you,
 To leave my relations to mourn for my sake,
 And thro' the wide world to follow a rake.

Some says I am rakish, some says I am wild,
 Some says the fair damsels I often beguile,
 For that is a falsehood, and that I will prove,
 I'm guilty of nothing, but innocent love.

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, my fortune's so bad,
 That I have been slighted by any false maid,
 'Tis false information that I may think on,
 It makes me lament, love, for what I have done.

My love she is proper, though not very tall,
 Her decent behaviour it far exceeds all,
 She has my heart bound, that it cannot get free,
 She has too many sweethearts for to marry me.

Farewell to this country, I bid it adieu,
 Wherever I go, love, I will think on you,
 For sleeping, or waking, you're still in my mind,
 To sail to America is my whole design.

The Answer.

MY Johnny is left me and gone to the sea,
 I mourn for the absence of his company,
 My parents was rich, and they did him despise,
 And they advised me to do so likewise.

Alas! he has gone the wide world to range,
 And were he but here now, my mind would soon
 change,
 For sleeping and waking, I'm never at rest,
 To think on my Johnny my mind's fore oppress'd.

My love he is handsome in every degree,
 Good natur'd and sober was his company,
 He is voic'd like a blackbird, and eyed like a dove,
 He is every way handsome the man that I love.

And dearly I lov'd him, as I lov'd my life,
 Although 'tis decreed that I am not his wife,
 Yet he has my heart in his bosom secure,
 We are all born to troubles, I must that endure.

*A Love Song.*Tune—*Flower of the North Country.*

WHILE I sit sighing here my lane,
 And mourn for my true love,
 And unto none dare make my moan,
 But to the pow'rs above.

For him my mind is troubled,
 And in perplexity,
 I hope it will be ordered so,
 That I'll again him see.

My love has fingers straight and small,
 Can use the pen right well,
 So bravely he can write and count,
 There's few can him excel.

His handsome shape it is so neat,
 Excels each lad I see,
 But woes my heart, he's far away,
 He's in the south country.

My love hath prudence in his breast,
 Altho' 'tis mixt with pride,
 He hath been formed to my taste,
 Altho' by me 'tis said.

'Tis not the beauty of the face,
Which every one doth see,
But the kind affection of the mind
Which hath engaged me.

Beauty is but skin deep,
We very well do ken,
It is the flower that fadeth first,
Altho' it first began.

Altho' that it appeareth first,
It soonest will decay,
When wit and virtue doth excel,
It blossoms every day.

Altho' he is no store-master,
Nor has na muckle gear,
Yet he trusts aye to Providence,
And bids me never fear.

I hope fortune it will be kind,
Unto my love and me,
I will live happy when he comes,
That's in the south country.

Song—Friendship.

THIS world, my dear Mary, is full of deceit,
 And friendship a jewel we seldom do meet,
 How strange doth it seem, that in searching all round,
 The succours of true friendship is rare to be found.

How much to be prais'd and ador'd is a friend,
 On whom we in safety may always depend,
 Our joys, when imparted, doth always increase,
 Our griefs, when divided, are turn'd into peace.

When fortune is smiling, what crowds do appear,
 To offer their kindness and friendship sincere;
 But change you the prospect, and point out distress,
 They'll few be to love you, their friendship grows less.

O friendship, thou balm, rich sweetner of life,
 Kind parent of ease, thou composer of strife,
 Without thee, alas! all joys in our pow'r.
 Are but empty delusions to the joys of an hour.

A New Song.

Tune—*Mill, mill, O.*

Now once a young man courted me,
 And wan my tender heart, O,
 Now he is gone to serve the king,
 Woes me that we must part, O.

CHORUS.

O the wars, the cruel wars,
 Has left me here a mourning,
 Has taken by bonny English lad,
 Small hope of his returning.

A serjeant unto Muirkirk came,
 And tempt'd him with much money,
 And he was swear't to let him gang,
 He handsome was and bonny.

O the wars, &c.

His face was fair, his humour free,
 With modest kind discretion,
 Great honesty experienc'd he,
 As many in the nation.

O the wars, &c.

The forge hammer lies by for him,
 Alas! now his room is empty,
 And he must learn a soldier's reel,
 To hear their drums they tempt ay.

O the wars, &c.

At night when I should take my rest,
 Mine eye's debar'd from sleeping,
 To think on him that I love best,
 That has my heart a-keeping.

O the wars, &c.

F

May Providence preserve him still,
 Tho' he be turn'd a rover,
 And left me sore against my will,
 A poor unhappy lover.
 O the wars, &c.

But Providence grant the wars may cease,
 That I once more may see him,
 Their blackguard tongues is ill to bear,
 I wish I had gone with him.
 O the wars, &c.

A New Song.

Tune—Foot of the hill.

COME all you good people give ear,
 Give attention to this my new song,
 And if your attentive to hear,
 I'll repeat it before it be long.

The brave Sir J——n M——ll, we hear,
 For honour and bravery excels,
 With charity shown to the poor,
 Which honours the place where he dwells.

His tenants they love him so well,
 They honour him both night and day,

Altho' they're behind with their dues,
He scarcely turns any away.

He's handsome, he's proper, and tall,
And mild as a lady of fame,
He is humble and prudent with all,
Which honour's the brave M——ll's name,

I wish that my tongue could express,
What the swift writer's pen it could write,
I would tell you some more of his fame,
To sing this I take great delight.

Ye know that my learning's so weak,
For that I must beg an excuse,
I hope I have act no mistake,
And this was my last evening's muse.

For to end these few lines I have made,
Here's a health to the whole family,
Respecting his name of great fame,
Which show'd so much kindness to me.

*Song.**Tune — Humours o' Glen.*

Pox on the temptation,
 If one has occasion,
 'Tis the sad delusion
 Of women and wine.
 It raises the passion,
 Stupifies the reason,
 And makes a man simply
 Spend his good time.

But let us be jolly,
 And drown melancholy,
 Let us join our voices,
 In one vocal song.
 And as 'tis intended,
 Let it be commended,
 'Tis a recreation
 For a weary mind.

No more of your speeches,
 Nor talking of riches,
 But let us have music
 Of the highest strain.
 Come tune up your fiddle,
 Bass, counter and treble,
 And play the first part,
 Of the humours o' glen.

A visit to the Sorn to some Persons.

O It is a pity I declare,
That I went to the Sorn,
Fell in with such a dirty pack,
Which caus'd me suffer scorn.

But what better could I expect,
I'm sure it is no joke,
A bad companion I got there,
Who, but the wiger's block.

For a' her days she was a liar,
As was into this city,
For a' her faults a man she gat,
Which was the more a pity.

They say he was a decent man,
For me I dinna ken,
I'm sure his taste it was but sma',
That woo'd a midden hen.

*A New Song.*Tune—*Busb aboon Traquhair.*

ADIEU Muirkirk now for a while,
 Since I'm resolv'd to leave ye,
 Since my relations mourn for me,
 'Tis that which most I grieve.
 But if that fortune on me smile,
 There's hopes of my returning,
 If expectation do not fail,
 There is no cause for mourning.

O we should thank the gentleman,
 Gave me this invitation,
 Altho' at distance I must gang,
 And leave my native nation.
 Yet while my family's in health,
 I chearfully enjoy it,
 I bode no scant, nor fear no want,
 As long's I'm well employed.

Muirkirk may say when he's away,
 He scarce has left his marrow,
 For decency in each degree,
 Thus I repeat with sorrow.
 He was a noble friend to me,
 For which I do regard him,
 For kindness and humility,
 May the powers above reward him.

A New Song.

Tune.—*Flowers of the Forest.*

To end youthful sporting it has been my fortune,
To marry a carter as you plainly see,
For he was my choice, and he has been my fortune,
And who lives so happy as Johnny and me.

So be not surprised at our hasty wedding,
I lov'd him because he was sober and young,
Altho' he's a carter we're lawfully married,
So who should despise us for what we have done.

His parents they lov'd me, for which I regard them,
I love to be grateful in every degree,
I love to be grateful, I ne'er shall be fretful,
While health does remain with my Johnny and me.

So take my advice, never marry for filler,
For 'tis bound to no man, we oftentimes see,
For this world's riches, ten thousand bewitches,
But love was the motive with Johnny and me.

A Love Song.

How blest has my time been,
 What joys have I known,
 Since wedlock of bondage,
 Makes Jeanie my own.
 How chearful my heart is,
 How easy my chain,
 Since freedom seems tasteless,
 And roving's a pain.

CHORUS.

My Jeanie and me,
 My Jeanie and me,
 They must borrow their looks,
 From my Jeanie and me.

Thro' groves, walks with woodbine,
 Where oftimes we stray'd,
 Around boys and girls,
 They cheerfully play'd.
 How harmless their sport is,
 The wanton ones see,
 But they must borrow their looks
 From my Jeanie and me.
 My Jeanie and me, &c.

To try her soft temper,
 Sometimes I am seen,
 To gallant all the day
 With the maids on the green.

How painful her absence,
 I mean no beguile,
 She meets me at night
 With complaisance and smiles.
 My Jeanie and me, &c.

What though on her cheek,
 The red rose lose its hue,
 Her sense and good temper,
 Blooms all the year through.
 Time, swift as it flies,
 Gives increase to her truth,
 And adds to her mind
 What it steals from her youth.
 My Jeanie and me,
 My Jeanie and me,
 And who lives so happy
 As Jeanie and me.

*Observations on a Sermon preached at Muirkirk.
 by a Missionary Minister.*

A Missioner came here to preach,
 I thought he was a true one,
 Some said he had mista'en his trade,
 For he should been a ploughman.

He spiritually means to plough,
 I'm sure he does not spare it,
 Ye know before the seed be sown,
 The ground must be prepared.

His fur it is both straight and deep,
 Made many to regard it,
 Some is so fear'd to wear the sock,
 They scarcely break the swar'd o't.

Set not your labour by the piece,
 Or ye will come to rue it,
 Be sure ye pay them by the day,
 You'll see how nice they'll plow it.

Some says they are not learned men,
 'Their preaching's but a pastime,
 But how can they pluck out the mote,
 Can scarcely tell a question.

For good, and bad, and all must own,
 That preaching is appointed,
 So hear them not you do not love,
 And touch not God's anointed.

*On the bad behaviour of a Servant, who was
going to turn off his neighbours.*

THE first of May as I heard tell,
A misfortune happened poor Jock B—ll,
He hurt his neighbours with deceit,
But soon he did share Haman's fate.

He went to Muirkirk with Will S—t,
Care of his master quite forgot,
He curs'd and swore, and drank at large,
For that he got a full discharge.

His master did turn him away,
It happened early the next day,
How could he act a flunkie's part,
That came from driving a coal cart.

O servants all take my advice,
Deal honestly, if ye be wise,
And love your neighbour as yourself,
Left ye be turn'd off like Jock B—ll.

About Jock B—ll I'll say nae mair,
For he's away and de'il may care.

*An observation on some men talking of going
abroad.*

WHEN I sit and take a view,
And look the country through and through,
Yet I am vext and griev'd to hear,
How men spend time that is so dear.

The other day as I did sit
Aside some men sinking a pit,
They spent the day in idle clatters,
About saddling and bridling alligators.

Ane said that he would on them ride,
And with a long whip would them guide,
Another said, ye stupid fellow,
An alligator would you swallow.

A-weel, said he, I'll keep a knife,
And cut a hole to save my life.
On such like toys they spent the day,
And pass'es precious time away.

They said they would not stay long here,
As every thing was grown so dear,
For there's nought but extortion in this place,
And hunger painted in each face.

If they could get a little money,
 To take them to a land flowing with milk and
 honey,
 Where they would live at peace and ease,
 And eat and drink whene'er they please.

But they do not mind the troubles there,
 A scorching sun, and sulphurous air,
 'Tis little like the pleasures here,
 The gospel pure, and water clear.

What signifies a flowing bowl,
 If men should have a starving soul.
 O stay at home, and be content,
 And learn, while time is, to repent.

Or, O how awful will be the case,
 He who to judgment sets his face.

Lingering Lazy Johnny.

WHERE my fwain so blythe and clever,
 Why does he leave me all in sorrow,
 Three long days has gone forever,
 Since he swore he would call to-morrow.
 O had he lov'd but half as I do,
 He would come with his looks so bonny,

Love has flying wings I well know,
 But none for the lingering lazy Johnny.

What can he now be a-doing,
 Is he with some lassie staying,
 He had better have been wooing,
 As with others fondly straying.
 Tell me truly where he's roving,
 That I may no longer sorrow,
 If he's wearied grown of loving,
 He may tell me so the morrow.

Hath some favourite rival hid him,
 She may be the happy creature,
 I'll not ease myself to chide him,
 Nor dispute with her for feature.
 I neither can, nor will not tarry,
 Nor will I sink myself in sorrow,
 I may lose the time to marry,
 If Johnny waits beyond the morrow.

Gentle shepherd, don't deceive me,
 If you love me stay no longer,
 And if you wout, another may have me,
 Love may cool, 'twill ne'er grow stronger.
 Lasses when your lads forsake you,
 Sink not in despairing sorrow,
 Blest another lad may make you,
 Wait for none beyond to-morrow.

*A New Song.**Tune—Lord Cornwallis.*

THE French is in force now,
 Our country to invade,
 And to conquer Britain,
 Great attempts have made.
 But I hope our noble heroes,
 Will pull the usurpers down,
 Success to King George,
 Long may he wear the crown.

There is word at present
 That Buonaparte is fled,
 And one general Moreau,
 He doth him succeed.
 Although he is a Scotsman,
 He joins the French crew,
 I leave you to judge
 If his heart has been true.

There's disputes at parliament,
 And bribery at home,
 Such conduct as this
 Makes the war still go on.
 But if truth would bear the sway,
 And make deceit to cease,
 It still might be hoped
 There soon might be peace.

There is such taxation
 We scarcely can bear,
 Which makes the whole country
 To be in a steer.
 For men to be made soldiers,
 The trade is broken down,
 And leaves families mourning
 In many a town.

But let every individual
 Lay it to heart,
 Be just in their station,
 And act an honest part.
 Be just in their dealing,
 Act no over-ripe,
 It is my real opinion
 There soon would be peace.



Glasgow, printed by NIVEN, NAPIER & KHULL, Trongate.

RECORD OF TREATMENT, EXTRACTION, REPAIR, etc.

Pressmark: 11641 b 32

Binding Ref No: 206530

Microfilm No:

Date	Particulars
JAN 1996	Chemical Treatment
	Fumigation
	Deacidification MAC-BI-CARB
	Lamination JAP TISSUE
	Solvents
Leather Treatment Book Refurbished Wash Saddle Soap, Pottasium Citrate Starch Paste, British Museum, Leather Dressing, Spirit Dye	WHEAT STARCH PASTE
	Adhesives ANIMAL GLUE
Remarks	

PRESERVATION SERVICE

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